

PS 991

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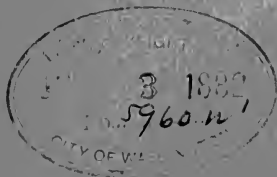
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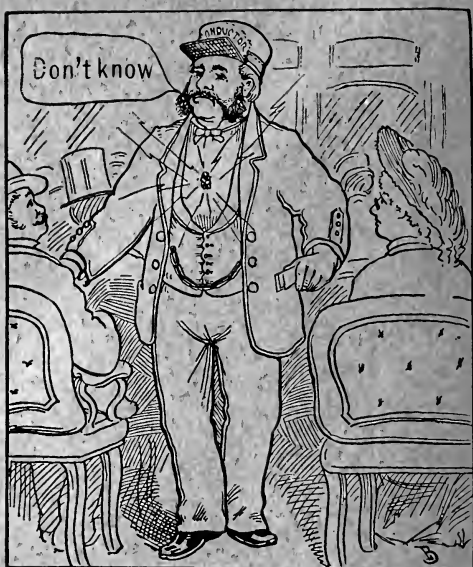
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A
RAILROAD
ZEPHYR :
— IN —
THREE CANTOS.

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CANTO I.

If I were a railroad conductor,
As through the train I'd go,
I'd have for every question they asked—
This answer all ready: "don't know."

I'd miss connections for lots of men;
I'd run lone passengers past: [ten,
I'd tell them 't was eight when I knew 't was
And I'd swear their watches were fast.

For I couldn't afford to be civil,
When I knew every man in the load
Would look at my watch and ring and say:
"He stole them things from the road."

1000

1000

1000



CANTO III.

If I were a railroad brakeman,
I'd holler the stations so plain
That the man who was going to Texas
Would go clear through to Maine.

I'd open the door of the smoking car,
And I'd give such a mighty roar
That the passengers back in the sleeper,
Would all fall out on the floor.

For I could n't afford a tenor voice,
And I could not afford to speak
In the sweet, soft tones of an Æolian harp
For eleven dollars a week



C A N T O II.

If I were a baggage-master,
I'd rattle the trunks about;
I'd stand them up in the corner,
And I'd tear their bowels out.

I would tear the handles out by the roots;
I would kick their corners in,
And strew their stuffing all around the car,
And make them lank and thin.

For I could not afford to wear kid gloves,
Nor put soft pads on my feet,
Nor to handle things gentle when all my pay
Just keeps me in bread and meat.

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